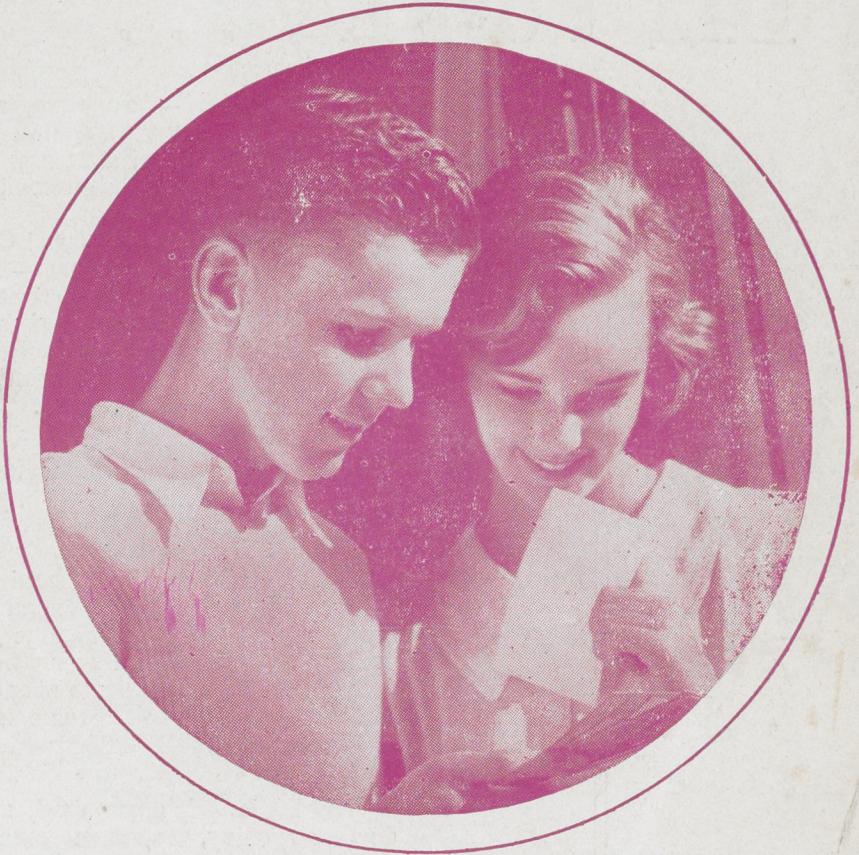


Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

ЮНАЦТВО

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Листопад 1950 November

Рік VI. Ч. 11 — Vol. VI. No. 11

ЮНАЦТВО—Домініяльний Орган Українського Католицького Юнацтва (УКЮ)

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Під Розвагу . . .

ЛИСТОПАД — холодна, понура осінь. А в ту осінь червоним маком зацвіла нам воля... Зацвіла й зів'яла під морозним подувом півночі, — бо зацвіла запізно...

Дівчино, Молодче, гляди! Ось тепер час, тепер в тебе весна — хоч на дворі понура осінь — пора тепер праці й боротьби за великі святі ідеали... Поки ви молоді, у вас доти й весна... Глядіть же не спіть, а працюйте... — щоб не зацвіли ви запізно...

* * *

БАТЬКИ наші в осені, в Листопаді, засівали посів Волі — кровю і кістками. . .

А навіщо?

А на те, щоб ти і я у весні життя той посів зростили, виплекали й підвели під жниво — під велике жниво волі. Те, що батьки сіяли потом і сльозами — ми з радістю зберемо — тільки більше праці, більше жертви — БІЛЬШЕ ЛЮБОВИ!

* * *

НЕ БАТЬКИ, а ми самі, по всіх фронтах світу, боролись вже і ще боротись мемо за наш край — за Канаду... Багато припечатали кровю свою любов — і за це в цей Листопад — ГЕРОЯМ СЛАВА!

Та коли над полками нашими засяють два прапори, а кличем нашим буде "боротись і гинути за Канаду й за Україну" — то ті, що прийдуть по нас... у свій новий Листопад... з вдячністю вдарять грімко:—

ГЕРОЯМ ТРИЧІ СЛАВА!

Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

*Donated by Mr. Martin Daciuk
R.R. 2 Haldim, Alberta 1964*



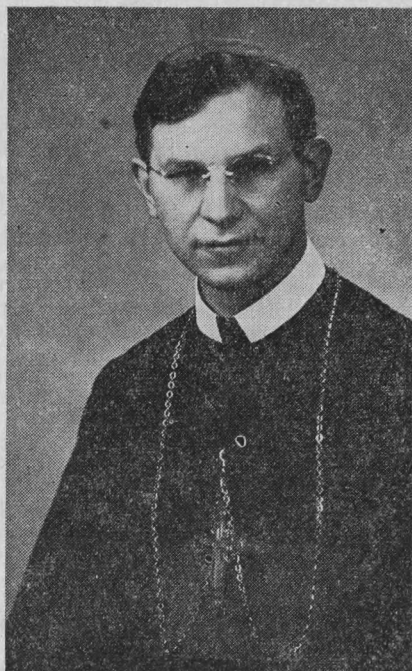
ЮНАЦТВО YOUTH

Рік VI. Число 11.

Едмонтон, Алберта

Листопад, 1950

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Їх Ексцеленції Кир Нілеві Саваринові, ЧСВВ.

ДОРОГОМУ БАТЬКОВІ Й ПРОВІДНИКОВІ

В ДЕНЬ ІМЯНИН

Заяву вірності й любови складає
УКРАЇНСЬКЕ КАТОЛИЦЬКЕ ЮНАЦТВО

Remembrance Day

THE MEMORIAL CHAMBER OF THE PEACE TOWER

On November 11th, Canadians from Newfoundland to British Columbia, will pay tribute to those 110,000 of their countrymen who gave their lives in two world wars. At the eleventh hour on that day, the hour of Armistice, Canadian will cease all work. There will be silence for two minutes. And during these two minutes Canadians will reflect on the bravery of those who accepted death, so that succeeding generations of Canadians might remain free.

The memory of Canadians who died for our nation shall never be allowed to grow dim. For enshrined beneath the carillon bells in the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings in the nation's capital, is an enduring tribute to them in the form of a Memorial Chamber.

Although there is no national memorial as yet to those who fell in the Second World War, this hallowed room reflects that spirit of sacrifice and glory which cannot be measured in terms of years or of wars.

The memorial Chamber is of modest size but it creates the impression of loftiness for its walls soar up to a white dome of delicate stone tracery. On three of its walls are beautiful stained windows whose figures symbolize the Call to Arms, the Assembly of Remembrance and the Dawn of Peace. In the centre of the Chamber on large slabs of black Belgian marble, shaped in the form of a cross, rests the Altar of Remembrance.

Over the vaulted entrance to the Chamber is suspended a replica of the Memorial Cross given to mother who lost their sons in the war.

The very stones used in the building of the Chamber are a link to the lands where Canadians trained and fought. With the exception of a band of grey Canadian marble binding the flooring with the entrance passage, they were obtained largely as gifts, from the lands of the original allies of the Great War, France, Great Britain and Belgium.

The walls and ceilings of the Chamber are of Chateau Gaillard stone and the columns supporting the dome are of beautiful St. Ann's marble. Both are gifts of the people of France.

The floor is laid with stones from the very battlefields of France and Flanders, where Canadian soldiers fought. Inset in these stones are the names of the great battles in which Canadian forces took

part. They are: YPRES, MOUNT SORREL, SOMME, VIMY RIDGE, HILL 70, PASS-CHENDAELE, AMIENS, ARRAS, CAMBRAI, VALENCIENNES, and MONS. These name-plates were beaten from the empty cases of shells fired in battle.

Around the walls of the Memorial Chamber is a series of seventeen marble panels on which is inscribed the record of Canada's part in the great conflict, from the call to arms to the homecoming of the troops. At the top of these panels are carved scenes which depict this story. Surrounding the panels are replicas of the decorations of the various allies as well as the badges of every unit of the Canadian corps.

The Altar of Remembrance, the most prominent object in the Chamber stands bathed in the purple, golden and red lights filtering through the three great windows. It is composed of cream-coloured Yorkshire limestone, a gift from the British, and on its side are carved the Royal Arms, the Arms of Canada, and of the provinces.

In a bronze sacket inset in the Altar, lies the Book of Remembrance richly illuminated in gold and colour, in which the names of the fallen are inscribed. Each day, at the hour of Armistice, one of the 600 pages of names is turned. Thus each name is revealed once during a year. A schedule is kept by the warden of the Chamber, making it possible for the pilgrim to make his visit on the day on which the most dear to him is exposed.

The idea for the Book of Remembrance is said to have been inspired by a passage from the Book of Malachi, Chapter III, Verses 16 & 17.

"A book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels".

Here then Canada's memorial to the sacrifice of those men and women whose deeds were so greatly responsible for making her a nation.

The Memorial Chamber was officially opened on Armistice Day, 1928, by the late Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King who on that occasion said:

"Here upon its walls is inscribed the record of their deeds, and upon its altar will rest the Book of Remembrance containing their names. This is the very heart of Canada, wherein their memory will be cherished forever."

Чому ще Листопад?

Живемо далеко від рідного Краю. З його історії знаємо мало, а то й нічого. Його традиції, його слава — для нас — це бліді, невиразні, незрозумілі образи, виведені невправною, струдженою рукою наших батьків й дідів, що їх недоля вигнала в світ шукати кращої долі для нас. Щобільше, натягнувши чужі окуляри, ми дивимось на ті образи з легковаженням, а то й з погордою. Стара, велика слава забувається. Саме велике слово-ім'я Рідний Край — Україна — для нас, це гомін далекого дзвону — це тільки слова... тільки слова...

І саме тому нам треба ставити перед очі великі дії, геройські діла великих синів нашого народу — щоб викресати в серцях наших ту свідомість — хто ми — чії сини — яких батьків... де слава наша — слава України? Саме тому нам ніколи не вільно забути — про ЛИСТОПАД.

А багато яскравих образів, багато геройських прикладів ставить нам перед очі Листопад. Багато сили може влити в наші душі, в наше життя, тиха роздума й правдива оцінка його подій. Візьмо декілька найбільш яскравих. Часто нам кажуть “вчитись з помилок”, та ми краще “учимось з великих діл”, бо помилки знеохочують, а великі діла потягають.

Листопад, 1918.

Представмо собі три мільйони людей — заголюканих ще недавно панщиною, людей без державної традиції, без достаточної інтелігенції, часто навіть без достаточної свідомості свого імені — тих три мільйони людей проголошує свою незалежну Державу... Не тільки проголошує, але й творить — творить державний апарат і творить армію — велику, стотисячну, здисципліновану армію. Чотири роки ведеться завзята боротьба на всі сторони, проти сто-разів сильнішого ворога... А все це власними силами — без узнання великих держав, без їхньої помочі, без їхніх гармат і їхньої дипломатії... часто в голоді і холоді, без найкращих засобів без озброєння... без набоїв... Це наша Галичина — це дії Листопаду.

А й сьогодні — котрий це вже Листопад кривавиться геройська Українська Повстанча Армія у завзятій боротьбі з червоним гнобителем? Інші народи мали свої держави, свої армії, свої капітали, мали за собою заперення цілого світа — а в тяжку хвилину без слова спротиву схилили голову в ярмо. Тільки український нарід, тільки українська молодь — нехай у лісах, нехай у дебрах, нехай в голоді і нужді — але з озброєнням в руках, але на волі святкує й сьогодні свій Листопад. Про це мало знаємо ми, ще менше знає світ — однак це дійсність — геройська дійсність наших днів.

Коли ж отже цей нарід може здобутись на такі зусилля, серед таких жахливих обставин, по стільки літах неволі — то цей нарід здоров, то в ньому є вічно-живуча сила, — то ми, що вийшли з того народу, можемо ним гордитись, його любити й для нього жити. Можемо сміло сказати з О. Назаруком, що доки в нас буде хоч одна місцевина, що зможе дати відділ війська з 500 хлопців — то ми ще не пропали. Така в нас сила — тільки її оцінити, тільки бути її свідомим — тільки її використати.

Листопад, 1944.

Того року листопад приніс сумну вістку про смерть великого Митрополита Кир Андрея Шептицького — Великого Князя Української Католицької Церкви й великого Батька народу, що вмер з підступної ворожої руки.

Цілий світ сьогодні знає про Кардинала Мінцентія — про нього говорять, пишуть, насвітлюють фільми. Тільки про нашого Митрополита, про наших Мучеників, єпископів, священників і вірних говориться мало, або й нічого. Бо хто знає, хто чув про нового Митрополита Кир Йосифа Сліпого, що карасться на Сибірі — про двох стареньких єпископів героїв Й. Коциловського, ЧСВВ. й Г. Хомишина, що згинули в дорозі на заслання, — про єпископа Ромжу, що згинув під колесами ворожого танка — хто і що знає про долю інших єпископів аж до останнього Преосвященного Гойдича, що зник з лиця землі, вже так дуже недавно? А є що знати і є що світові сказати... є чим гордитись є й на що надіятись... на кров Мучеників, що стане посівом нових борців. Тільки треба отворити очі, тільки треба бачити великі діла батьків наших... І саме на це є Листопад.

Листопад, 1623.

Так, це ще один Листопад — справді Перший Листопад — що в ньому сплила на землю нашу Божа благодать. Це були рівнож жорстокі часи — часи переслідування нашої Католицької Церкви за єдність з Римом, з правдивою Христовою Церквою. Геройськи боролись великі мужі — Митрополити Потій і Рутський та багато інших єпископів. Між ними станув один, що своїм життям і кровю припечатав Єдність св. Католицької Церкви — це був св. Йосафат — наш рідний святий — Святий з нашого народу.

Листопад, ?

Так, ми мали й досі маємо великих мужів, святих мужів. В нашій історії не тільки лихоліття, але й величні періоди, повні геройської слави, що повинні наповнити груди нашу великою пошаною і сердечною любов'ю до нашого Рідного Краю і Народу, розпалити в нас віру в його велику будучність — віру, що прийде ще й НАШ ЛИСТОПАД.

ДО ЛЮБОВИ, до ПРАЦІ, до ЖЕРТВИ — хай натхне нас знову ЛИСТОПАД.

Н. М. С.

LAUGH WITH US

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table.

"Hey," ejaculated the waiter, who was hard of hearing.

"No! Straw, I said."

* * * *

"Well, Bill," asked a neighbor, "I hear the boss has a fever. How's his temperature today?"

The hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself.

"Taint fer me to say," he replied. "The boss died last night."

* * * *

Mose: "Dis yar flyin' business is a mighty ol' venture."

Rastus: "How do you make dat out, Mose?"

Mose: "'Cause I heah dat pastor say in de church las' Sunday dat Esau sold his heirship to Jacob."

Man (employed by an Aberdonian): "I have been here ten years, sir, doing three men's work for one man's money, and now I want a raise."

Employer: "I canna gie ye that, but if ye'll tell me the names of the other two men, I'll sack 'em."

* * * *

The man who doubles up in glee when his wife has difficulty in driving through a ten-foot garage door, usually sobers up when he tries to thread a needle.

* * * *

It's not the ice that makes you slip. It's what you mix with it.

* * * *

Bob: "You hammer nails like lightning."

Joe: "You mean so fast?"

Bob: "No; you never strike twice in the same place."

* * * *

Salesman in radio shop: "Maybe wrist radios are nothing new, but this one plays ten 12-inch or twelve 10-inch records, too."



Her Royal Highness Princess Anne with her mother Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh and His Royal Highness Prince Charles. This is the first photograph of the young baby Princess released.

CANADA

On October 24, United Nations Day, for the first time, the blue and white flag of the UN was flown on Parliament Hill in Ottawa.

* * * *

Canada's population increased 143,000 in the first six months of this year, bringing the total for the 10 provinces at July 1, 1950 to 13,871,000 as compared with 13,728,000 of January 1, according to an estimate by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

* * * *

Two grandsons of Louis Riel, leader of the insurgents during the Riel Rebellion in Western Canada in 1885, have enlisted in the Canadian Army Special Force for service with the United Nations Forces. They are Ignace Riel and Alex Riel, and are both veterans of the Second World War. They were among the first to enlist in the 2nd Battalion Princess Patricia's Light Infantry.

The industry with the largest labour force in the Dominion and with the largest payroll of all manufacturing industries, is the textile industry. It has 791 mills situated in 269 communities in every province of Canada and it employs 94,000 men and women.

* * * *

Average weekly wages paid by leading Canadian manufacturers to hourly - rated wage earners at August 1, advanced to a new peak figure of \$44.29 from \$41.40 on August 1, last year. Hourly earnings rose from 98.8 cents last year to 104.2 cents on August 1, 1950.

* * * *

Canada's prairie wheat crop this year is now placed at 430,000,000 bushels as against 337,000,000 last year, according to estimates by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

GOING MY WAY?

F.S.C.
By BROTHER S. METHIDIUS

CHECK - UP

(Conclusion)

Every young man and lady should make a check-up on themselves and find out how they stand in the eyes of God. An honest and searching check-up is a healthy thing now and then for all of us. From the following incident every person can profit:

A boy walked into a drug store, got change for a dime, and went into a telephone booth. The door was left ajar, and the clerk overheard one side of the conversation:

"Is this the firm that advertised for a boy a few weeks ago?"

"Oh, the job has already been taken."

"Does the boy do his work to suit you?"

"I am glad you like the boy."

"Thank you, sir; good day."
clerk said to him:

"Sorry, son, that you could not get the job."

"Don't be stupid," said the boy. "I got that job three weeks ago. I'm just checking up to see whether he likes me or not."

A check-up is necessary for us once in a while to find out whether God likes us or not.

Many of our young people are ruined because they disregard the words of the Holy days of thy youth."

Remember

Remember the heritage that is yours; you are a child of God and an heir of heaven. Remember the love and the hopes of your parents who gave you life. Forget not the hopes that others placed in you. Rejoice and enjoy life in the days of your youth, but always REMEMBER.

Remember that every sin committed is like a death-blow to physical, mental, and above all, spiritual vitality. It destroys the body, impoverishes the mind, and breeds a cancer in the soul. Sin deals death to the glorious possibilities for which God created you; death to honor and noble purposes; death to lofty friendships; death to peace of mind and joy of heart. Every impure thought blights some inner beauty and blurs the vision of holiness. Every carnal desire withers the soul and cuts short the opportunity of glorifying the Master's Holy Name.

Your thoughts are more elevated if God possesses your mind. Your mental life assumes brighter hues and greater solemnity if eternity is at its base. Your mind, when filled with eternal truths, is like a limpid lake reflecting in its lucid depths the glories

of heaven, the radiant splendor of the dawn, and the starry beauty of the night. How gloomy and dismal your mind becomes without God! How void and dreary your heart feels without the thought of heaven! Yes, God should occupy the mind of youth; it is the loftiest thought, the noblest idea. It adorns the mind as the sun of day beautifies the earth. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Do not fill your mind with trifles and with thoughts of time and earth. Rise to the heights of heaven; gaze on the everlasting stars of eternal truth. The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself under the light of God's holy graces.

Remember, Christian youth, that you have this day and every day of your life....

God to glorify.

Christ to imitate.

The angels and saints to invoke.

A soul to save.

A body to mortify.

Sins to expiate.

Virtues to acquire.

Hell to avoid.

Heaven to gain.

Eternity to prepare for.

Time to profit by.

Neighbors to edify.

The world to despise.

Devils to combat.

Passions to subdue.

Death perhaps to suffer.

And judgment to undergo.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WORK?

There was once a man who was found sitting on the pavement beating his head against the wall. Someone said, "Why on earth are you doing that?" He replied, "Because it feels so good when I stop".

Many think like that of work. They live for the moment when they can stop working. Work has become something to escape from. If they could make enough money, they would never do any work. When we stop working — we stop living!

There is something wrong with the attitude trying to escape from work. Work is not merely an activity to produce commodities; it was intended by Divine Providence to become a means of personal development. Unless one can build his life around some congenial work, he cannot live a full human life. In the Christian view, we should not have to work just to live, that is slavery; we should live to work, that is freedom.

— B. S. M. —

A New Tribute to Mary

For the first time in eighty years, Rome has witnessed one of the most momentous of all Catholic Church rites — the proclamation of an infallible dogma. Before a crowd of about 1,000,000 faithful, who gathered for the occasion from all the corners of the globe, and in the presence of about 35 cardinals and 1,000 archbishops and bishops, His Holiness Pope Pius XII solemnly proclaimed, on November the First, the dogma of the bodily Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven.

One of the compelling reasons for this proclamation has been the overwhelming appeal from hundreds of millions of Catholics throughout the world.

The Assumption of Mary means that the Blessed Virgin was raised body and soul to Heaven and entered Heaven forever above all the saints and angels.

This newly proclaimed dogma is nothing new in the beliefs of Catholics. It was generally believed from the very moment of Mary's death. Through the centuries this belief gained momentum steadily.

The Catholic Church has even designated a special day every year to honor this privilege of the Mother of God ever since the fourth century.

The Ukrainian Catholic Church, ever since its beginnings, has also celebrated this holiday on August 15th. Now, after the solemn proclamation of this belief as an infallible dogma, all Catholics must, regardless of their private opinions submit in obedience and accept this as a religious truth under pain of mortal sin.

Even the Protestants, who now attack this new dogma with unexpected fury, must admit that their ancestors believed this dogma long centuries ago. And the only reason for these attacks is that they have fallen away from this glorious Catholic Church, which the 400,000,000 faithful Catholics so reverently obey.

To us, Catholics, may this new dogma be another reason for honoring Mary, the Mother of God and Queen of Angels still more fervently.

ГОЛДЕН, АЛБЕРТА

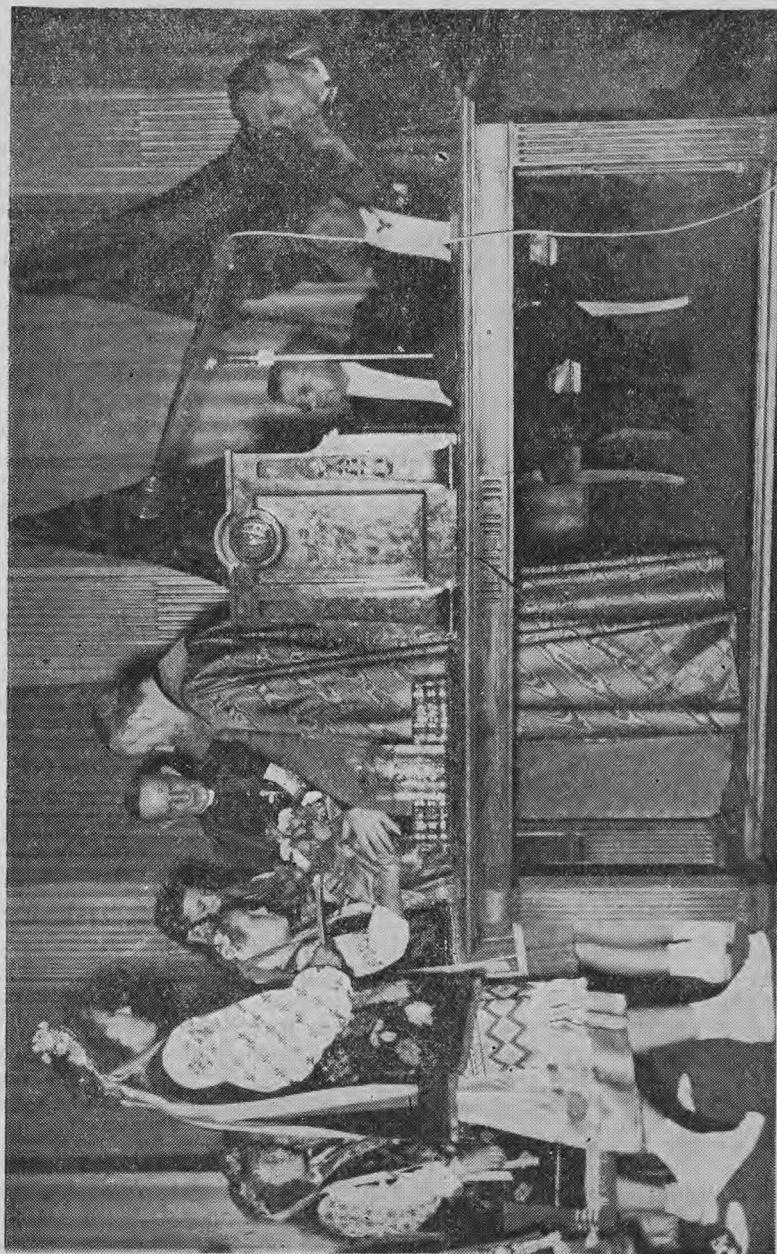
Не менше торжество було і в ново-збудованій церковці на Голден, коли 14 жовтня ц. р. Михаїл Пачківський і Марійка Пожернюк присягали собі взаємну вірність і любов. На новий шлях життя благословив молодят о. Н. Свірський, ЧСВВ., що зложив їм також сердечні побажання на весільній забаві, яка відбулась в домі батьків Молодої.

Переведена при цій нагоді збірка на добру пресу принесла 9.55 дол., з чого \$4.55 призначено на Юнацтво.

Своїм членам і передплатникам У. К. Ю. і "Юнацтво" бажають щастя, здоров'я і Много Щасливих Літ.

БОРЩІВ, АЛБЕРТА

І ще одно весілля. Цим разом це вінчання Миколи Шигінського з Паранею Рурка. Молодий походить з Дейзленд, а молода з Борщів. Обое були активними членами у своїх відділах У. К. Ю. Велике й радісне торжество відбулось в гарній церкві на Борщеві, 21 жовтня, ц. р. По співаній Службі Божій вінчання Молодят довершив о. Н. Свірський, Ч.С.В.В. Весільна гостина відбулась в домі батьків Молодої. Молодята замешкають мабуть на Коперник, Алберта. На новій господарці, бажаємо їм якнайкращого поведження, великого Божого благословення і Много Щасливих Літ.



Ванкуверська Молодь вітає Його Емінінцію Кардинала Тіссерана з нагоди Його відвідин у Ванкувері 17. IX. ц. р. На знімці також Арієл. Ванкуверу Дюк і Іх Ексселенція Кир Ніль.

Can I Be a Hero?

We often hear about men and women, and even about children, who marked their lives with heroism. Some fell in the battlefields for the love of their country; others spent their whole lives serving the sick; many devoted their lives to help others and becomes victims by being ill-treated; many have sacrificed themselves in serving God, and became martyrs for this ideal cause. All these mentioned are considered as heroes. But the greatest of all heroes are those who can control themselves. They are not only heroes — **THEY ARE SAINTS.**

The world of today needs brave men to hold the fronts against communism; each country is in need of good leaders; the Church too depends a lot upon her hierarchy; each community, being large or small, puts its future into the hands of the more or less capable leaders; spiritual and material welfare of all individuals, of all communities, and of the whole human race, rests in God's hands, but is being directed by reason and the human will. To develop this power within us, we need to practice

many Christian virtues. And one of the necessary virtues is **FORTITUDE.**

Fortitude is not a mere and blind act of heroism which oftentimes is being interpreted wrongly. Jumping off the bridge to end one's life, killing a person or robbing the bank — is not heroism. Heroism consists of two things: **The Motive and the Deed.** Fortitude is a virtue, and it leads to real heroism.

Fortitude is necessary to strengthen us against the difficulties and disquietudes which so often beset our lives. It is not identical with strength of nerves. It is a virtue within the reach of all, and there are countless examples of heroic fortitude among very sensitive women Saints, who kept their nerves under due control. Fortitude enables us to face all the changes and chances of life, to sustain its disappointments and drudgery.

By means of this virtue a person is constant and inflexible in the discharge of duty and in the endeavour to live up to God's standard of moral values, even though

КАЛМАР, АЛБЕРТА



Родина Василя і Марії Гайдуків в дні Срібного Ювілею.
(Допис в минулому числі Юнацтва)

one thereby invites the leers and frowns of the world rather than its smiles.

Every hour of the day we are called to form a decision, to control ourselves: to choose between right and wrong. Where these issues are at stake there is no such thing as neutral attitude. Pilate hesitated to fulfil his duty as a just judge, and concealed his cowardice under the mantle of neutrality. But his weakness and indcision caused the greatest crime in history — the tragedy of Calvary. History has many good and many bad examples. Everyday we are witnesses of heroism and cowardice.

Ukraine had many heroes, many Ukrainians profess to be such today. But their deeds show what and who those heroes are.

We, the U. C. Y. members, are proud of our pioneer fathers. They gave us an example of heroic fortitude. May this example strengthen us in fulfilling our religious and national duties, in controlling ourselves. Not our program of life, but our deeds will show whether we are heroes or cowards. So let's fight, let's combat all evil, let's work for the glory of God and for the good of our fellow men. But this cannot be done without self-control. Start today, start from ourselves!

Fr. V.

ЛЕДУК, АЛБЕРТА



П-во Татіянна і Василь Ханас
в дні Золотого Ювілею.
(Допис в мин. числі Юнацтва)

HARD TIMES HIT ITUNA

You all have heard through press and radio about the great damage Jack Frost did to the Saskatchewan wheat fields. It is a provincial disaster. The yield was cut in half, and grades went down from number one northern to four and five feed.

Of all the towns, Ituna, a thriving community in central Saskatchewan, was hit the hardest. Ituna is familiar to most. It's the home of Ukrainian Catholic Orphanage, centre of a lot of missionary work, and the youth club is very active.

Disaster and hard times were definitely in sight, when the U.C.Y. of Ituna held a late fall dance in the club hall. Most of the men were in shabby overalls, old hats and torn shoes and shirts. Even the girls came in old house dresses, and there were no rosy cheeks or lipstick in sight.

It was a hard-time dance. It turned out what the club executive, composed of Helen Dijwoduk, Walter Schabel, Ellian Moleski and Fred Buchko, planned it to be. Even the orchestra couldn't afford anything better than old overalls. I heard they begged for a few cents for their effort.

Sounds like a sorrowful sight. But it was a lot of fun, for it was the first such dance to be staged by the club. It wasn't much fun for those who came in their second best. They had to pay twenty-five cents more than the regular low fare. (After all, if they can afford to be dressed, they can afford to pay).

Prizes and the honor of the day went to the hardest up couple on the floor. Berni Antonecki, who featured a patched pair of overalls, a torn red shirt sticking out of the holes, an old farmer Jone's hat, and a pair of old boots, and Natty Stupen, who stormed in with grandma's old house dress, torn off at the knees, were the prize-winning couple.

A hard time dance like that was a lot of fun, and drew a great crowd. Something that would be worth while for other clubs to try.

Myros Kmita.

LAUGH WITH US

Doctor: "And how did you find yourself this morning?"

Patient: "I just opened my eyes, and there I was."

* * * *

Teacher: "William, when was Rome built?"

William: "In the night."

Teacher: "Why, whoever told you that?"

William: "You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

Думав єндик . . .

Хто потрапить думати — видумати й свою думку виконати, цей далеко зайде й вибеться наперед, на перше місце, та здобуде собі велике ім'я. Бо такі люде важні й корисні в суспільстві. Без таких людей в світі жадного поступу не могло б бути. Був би застій, розклад і упадок.

Саме думання, ще нікому не по-могло й нікого наперед не висунуло.

Саме думання виглядає так:

Думав прийти — не прийшов.

Думав допомогти — не поміг.

Думав відвезти — не відвіз.

Думав віддати — не віддав.

Думав відвідати — не відвідав.

Думав зробити — не зробив.

Думав належати — не належить.

Думав записатись — не записавсь.

Думав вчитись — не навчивсь.

Думав послухати — не послухав.

Думав женитись — постарівся і не оженився.

Думав рятувати жінку — не врятував, бо втопилась.

Думав скінчити — не скінчив.

Думав, думав, думав. . . . а ні за ним, ні перед ним.

Спустив голову й думає!

Пригадується мені старенький дідуньо, як говорив до малого внука, коли той ставив йому різні питання.

— Чому, дідуню, той кінь (Сендій) спустив голову й так думає?

— Видиш, дитино, то знак, що той кінь вже буде здихати.

— А чому буде здихати?

— Бо вже спустив голову і думає: він слабкий і вже не може жити.

— Чому всі кури бігають, а та одна чогось спустила голову й думає, чи й вона здохне?

— Так, синку, вона вже буде здихати, або мама добе, бо вона вже не потрібна. Так воно синку є, що коли щось так спустить голову й думає, то вже можна пізнати, що вже довго

не прожيه, що приходить кінець.

— Дідуню! То я вже знаю чому тато вчора мамі за волосся тягнули голову догори, і мамою тріпали, як мама були спустили голову й думали. Тато боявся, щоб мамі не прийшов кінець.

— Так! Так, дитино! щоб не прийшов кнієць.

Хлопчина зачав бігати довкола хати тримаючи голову догори.

Спустив голову й думає!

Може часом відділ У.К.Ю. до якого я належу спустив голову й думає. Може я як член відділу УКЮ спустив голову й думаю? Це знак, що приходить кінець мійому відділові й приходить кінець мені. Такий відділ, і такий член існувати не може. Де нема руху, життя, праці, там застій і упадок.

Відділ УКЮ розлітається, бо нема праці. Член УКЮ до нічого й скоріше чи пізніше відпаде, як не цікавиться своїм відділом і не бере живої участі у всіх підприємствах свого відділу.

Щоб не прийшов кінець.

Щоб не прийшов кінець нашому відділові, нашій організації і нашій молоді, то кожний хлопець і кожна дівчина при кожній нашій парохії повинні поставити собі завдання, щоб в них був відділ УКЮ і вся наша молодь стояла в рядах УКЮ і повела велику працю на честь своїх батьків, своєї св. Церкви й народу свого.

**НЕ ЗАБУДЬТЕ ЗА РІЗДВЯНИЙ
ДАР ДЛЯ "ЮНАЦТВА".**

ВІДНОВІТЬ СВОЮ ПЕРЕДПЛАТУ.

**ПРИСДНУЙТЕ НОВИХ ПЕРЕД-
ПЛАТНИКІВ.**

Провінціональний Зїзд У. К. Ю. Саскачевану

В днях від 7 - 9 жовтня відбувся в Саскатуні успішний зїзд двох провінціальних секцій наших українських організацій У.К.Ю. і Б.У.К.-а. Торжественні точки зїзду переводили спільно; ділові, організаційні — кожна про себе.

В суботу в год. 2 по полудні почалась реєстрація делегатів, як слідує:

Иорктон — п-на О. Яремович і п. А. Карапіта (звітовик).

Кемсак — п-на Е. Стечишин і п-на Д. Киба (звіт.)

Айтуна — п-на Е. Малицький (звіт.) і п-на О. Данисюк.

Кридор — п-на О. Чура (звіт.) і п-на С. Кірик.

Саскатун — п. М. Гуменюк (звіт.)

Гейффорд — п. С. Побран (звіт.)

Алвена — Звіт і привіт переслано листовно.

Першим днем зїзду, що його офіційно отворив Впр. о. Іваночко — Духовний Провідник У.К.Ю. Саскачевану, — проводив п. Павло Колишір. О. Іваночко сердечно привітав зібраних й заохочував всіх до ширшої праці, особливо до ревної участі в нарадах. По прочитанні рекордового і фінансового звіту, прочитано також телеграми-привіти від Домініяльного Заряку з Вінніпегу й від відділів У.К.Ю. в Канорі й Ніпавин. Потім слідували звіти делегатів про працю поодиноких відділів. Можна було запримітити, що праця по відділах зростала, організаційне життя йшло вперед. По звітах обговорювано ще деякі біжучі теми, а під кінець вибрано також номінаційну комісію. Вечером, в домі Просвіти, молодь провела гарно час на товариській забаві.

Добудну частину другого дня виповнили — Архиерейська Служба Бога Преосв. Кир Андрея Роборецького, посвячення угольного каменя під новий Інститут імени Митрополита Шептицького і спільний бенкет у па-

рохіяльній залі св. Юрія. Господарем бенкету був п. Воробець — промовляли: мейор міста Милс, др. Леді і др. Симсон. Під кінець промовив також Преосв. Кир Андрей й пояснив присутнім значіння й konieczність нової інституції.

По обіді, в третій годині, в осібній залі, молодь продовжала свої наради. Номінаційна комісія проголосила вислід своєї праці — номінувала новий заряд у слідуячому складі:

Мирослава Вавринюк — голова,

Мирон Чернецький — місто-голова,

Софія Озарко — секретар,

Б. Лукій — секр. помічник,

Галя Харко — фінанс. секретар,

Михайло Чупик — пятий член,

Ю. Шудлик — пресовий референт,

Мих. Зварич, Павло Колишір, Стефан Кобринський — Контрольна Комісія.

Зїзд одноголосно потвердив номінований заряд.

Як минулих років, так і цього року ми мали щастя вітати на нашій зїзді визначних гостей — Впр. о. С. Курилу, ЧСВВ., Духовного Провідника У.К.Ю. Алберти і членів албертійського Провінціального Заряду. У своїй палкій промові о. Курило вказав на перепони в праці У.К.Ю., давав вказівки як їх усунути й заохочував всіх до витревалості, жертвенної праці. Особливо підкреслював значіння нашого журналу "Юнацтво" в житті нашої організації — без нього організація існувати не може й тому кожний член мусить бути також передплатником "Юнацтва" мусить його піддержувати й поширювати між іншими, а кожний відділ час-до-часу повинен вислати звіт зо своєї діяльності.

Тогож дня вечером, саскатунський відділ У.К.Ю. й парохія св. Юрія спільними силами уладили гарний концерт, під умілим проводом п. І. Коріня.

В понеділок зїзд продовжав далше свої наради й дискусії й ухвалив резолюції, в яких намічено також дальший план праці. Рівнож вибрано окружних організаторів для поодиноких округів Саскачевану:

Округ Йорктон — п. А. Каріпіта і п. А. Новак,

Округ Канора — п. С. Кобринський,

Округ Кридор — п. Войтюк,

Округ Геффорд — п-на С. Побран і п-на О. Побран,

Округ Саскатун — п. М. Зварич і п. М. Гуменюк,

Округ Норт Бетлефорд — п-на С. Марціняк.

По закінченні зїзду, делегати з вдоволенням і з новим запалом до праці розїхались домів.

* * *

Уступаючий Провінційальний Заряд У.К.Ю. Саскачевану оцим складає сердечну подяку Впр. отцям Іваночкові й Пелехові за щирю поміч в праці минулого року. Рівнож дякуємо всім Отцям Парохам і всім відділам У.К.Ю. за щирю співпрацю і за ласкаву присутність на зїзді делегатів і гостей.

За уступаючий Пров. Заряд У.К.Ю. Мирослава Вавринюк (секр.).

Український Католицький Комітет для Скитальців у Стемфорді звертається оцим до управ всіх Організацій, Товариств та Спілок з проханням, щоб з нагоди Листопадових академій, концертів, чи сходин, чистий дохід висилали Укр. Католич. Комітетові на допомогу потребуючим скитальцям, які так дуже чекають помочі. Всі дари, збірки, доходи з імпрез і поодинокі жертви просимо висилати до Комітету в Стемфорді, Конн. (161 Гленбрук Ровд), або до Єпископської Канцелярії у Філядельфії.

До членів У. К. Ю. Саскачевану

Дорогі Члени УКЮ.

Кількома словами бажаю зложити всім делегатам УКЮ сердечну подяку за те, що дали мені велику честь стати головою провінційального заряду УКЮ в Саскачевані. Зі своєї сторони обіцяю всім членам УКЮ, що буду старатися по моїх силах цей уряд якнайкраще сповняти.

Дорога українська молоде, звертаюся до тебе з просьбою о твою щирю співпрацю у поборюванні всіх труднощів, що стоять перед нами. При твоїй співпраці можна мати надію побачити більше зорганізованих відділів, що дадуть нагоду до більшого розвитку та поступу нашої організації.

З пошаною до всіх,
Мирослава Вавринюк.

ЕНШАВ, АЛБЕРТА

В дні 24 вересня ц.р. відбулось в місцевій церковці радісне торжество, а саме вінчання Івана Гроцького й Олени Романюк. Тайну вінчання довершив о. М. Гураль. Молодята — це члени У.К.Ю., що багато трудилися при відділах на місцях — сподіємось, що й на далі вони будуть своєї організації держатись і в ній працювати. На новій дорозі життя бажаємо їм багато Божого благословення і Многая Літа.

За збірки, що відбулась на весільній забаві на "Юнацтво" призначено 9.86 дол.

ТІ, ЩО НАМ ПОМАГАЮТЬ

Приєднали нових передплатників:

Впр. о. М. Дацюк, ЧСВВ.....	8
Павло Колишнір, Семан, Саск.....	8
Корнелія Со няк, Едмонтон.....	2
Одарка Романюк, Едмонтон.....	2

Our Trip to Saskatoon U.C.Y. Convention

The words of a modern playwright — "anticipation is very delightful," are quite true; but things unexpected are often even more gratifying. Such was our Saskatoon trip.

It was not until Friday evening October 6th, that I knew I was to go to the Saskatoon Convention. In less than one hour Father Kurylo had managed to pick us all up and we were cruising comfortably (with seven people in the car) to Saskatoon.

We left Edmonton with the light of the city cresting a lovely panorama of hills, the stars were also out twinkling in splendor and the haze of the Aurora Borealis gave a premonition that winter was drawing near. It sure did not take us long to discover this. Shortly out of Vermilion we found ourselves fighting the worst blizzard of the year. Father cruised along very cautiously to avoid side sweeping into the ditch and the happy four in the back of the car did not mind this at all — in fact we preferred the slow motion of the car. But alas Providence slightly misguided us. We failed to see what was written on a guide post and took a road that led us northward. The road became rougher and narrower as the dense woods enveloped us. The girls took out their rosaries and prayed for Providence to guide us safely. The prayer was answered as we shortly saw a sign, "Clandonald 12 miles". We now definitely knew we were

on the wrong road. We took another side road which was even worse. The ruts here became deeper and the snow was falling heavier and our road map failed to mark this dog-trail. After travelling east for some nine miles we took the first road southward and finally reached Islay and then back to good old 16-

Progress was much slower now and when we reached Lloydminster some 2.30 a.m., we took refuge in the prized Alberta Hotel. On opening the window in our room, Steve and I found that the bottom part of the frame was left behind; the girls were minus a blind in their room and Father had a very lovely shattered mirror. However, by 9.30 we were back on the road. By this time Sam had managed to steal a few menus from the gloomy Lloydminster cafes. Nine inches of snow had fallen overnight and as we proceeded eastward we anticipated what the roads might be like. Before we reached Marshall, the next town, we managed to get stuck at least three times. We were determined to reach Saskatoon in spite of what the obstacles might be, and triumphant we were, when at six o'clock that evening we saw the Metropolis of the prairies west of Yorkton and east of North Battleford. I refer to none other than SASKATOON — the city with its beautiful bridges (and girls), its antique Besborough with its perpetual smoking chimney, its wide clean streets with the speedy trolleys and accompanied with the notorions progressiveness of the individuals and the town appearance made us seem very welcome.

That same evening we were well entertained at the U. C. Y. Convention dance, which, my dear Edmonton friends, only cost forty cents. The evening resulted in many happy acquaintances so that when we were at the Youth meeting the following afternoon, we at least knew a little about the various speakers. At these meetings the success of the Alberta U. C. Y. was brought out by Elsie Sosnick and Father Kurylo.

Probably the most hilarious event of our journey was exemplified in the Saskatoon hotels. Just to prevent the Saskatoon people from catching up with us we stayed at different hotels each evening.

At our first hotel we told the desk clerk to wake us at an appropriate time in the morning. It was not long before we heard the words "Awake! Awake!" We opened our eyes and were surprised not to see some Jehovah Witness standing with their typical magazines.

GREETINGS U.C.Y. SASKATCHEWAN!

I take this opportunity in expressing my gratefulness in being privileged to visit the Saskatchewan U.C.Y. members present at their provincial Convention.

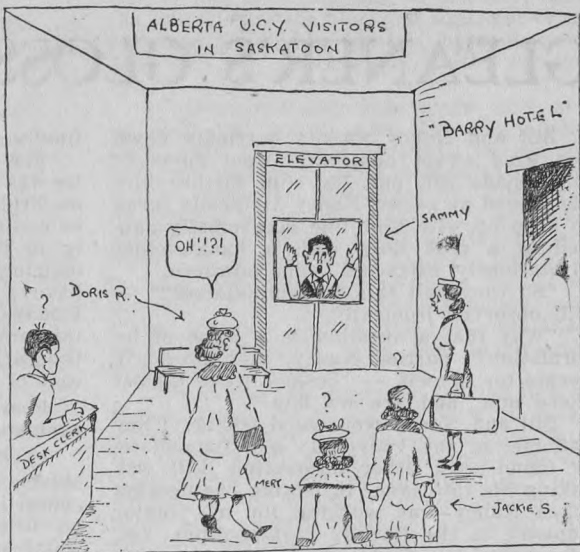
Our Alberta group conversations during the trip from Edmonton to Saskatoon consisted mostly of wondering and anticipating what our next-door U.C.Y. members were like.

You were just what I had expected and hoped to meet — most friendly, congenial, co-operative and possessed a high spirited enthusiasm about the U.C.Y. organization. "All for one and one for all" seemed to be the silent motto.

Thank you U. C. Y. Saskatchewan. I feel that the foundation for a lasting friendship with our next-door neighbors has been established.

Elsie Sosnick.

At the other hotel a more exciting incident happened. Elsie S., Steve S. and I got rooms for the whole group. Courtesy was displayed by the handsome tall bell boy. He took Elsie S. up in the elevator to her room, carrying her grips up for her. We returned later with the rest of the gang and all decided to take the elevator to the next floor. The girls, especially Doris R., was very anxious to see this handsome bell boy. While they were waiting by the elevator for him, Steve and I and a couple of others walked up to the second floor by way of the stairs. We found the elevator door open. Here was an excellent opportunity to be a bell boy — to operate an elevator, something I have longed for since youth. Without further hesitation I nimbly jumped into the elevator, shut the door and was off. Of course, I went up for about ten feet before I realized I had to turn the lever the other way in order to go down. After some adjustment I finally arrived on main floor. By this time I was giggling to such an extent that I could not even open the elevator door. I could see the girls peering in through the small window. The surprise on their faces when they saw Sammy, was worth a prize-winning photo. They walked into the elevator giggling away and as if half dazed. I promptly shut the elevator door behind them and was about to commence on the upward journey when I heard a thump on the door. You see I am a poor operator (but only on elevators) I did not count if all the girls were on so, thinking one was left outside I opened the door and was surprised to see the desk clerk. A lengthy lecture followed in which I was warned about the danger of operating the elevator. I took it all very seriously and was about to get on my knees and apologize when we arrived at the second floor and it was not necessary.



sult we were stranded some two miles from town. My skill at flagging down the right cars was never better executed than on this trip. We stopped a person that gave us about a cup of gas which was sufficient to turn the car around. He did however, take Steve to the town of Hangshamm. Then, in a short time we were on the road again. The Desoto by the way, takes 14.10365 gallons of gas to fill the tank. I must admit that there was a bit more space at the back (even with four of us) as everybody being tired and worn out did not care to be squeezed especially without any Kroyder friends in our midst. Eh, Steve?

Thus ended Thanksgiving weekend and we were thankful to cuddle in bed back home. In closing I wish to thank the Saskatoon friends for their hospitality and am confident that with the impetus that Father Kurylo gave them, they should have a very successful year with their club.

Sam Hrushovetz.

LAUGH WITH US

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"After a quack doctor. My wife ate too much duck."

* * * * *

Teacher: "And what does the busy little bee teach us?"

Boy: "To work hard and not get stung."

* * * *

Excited lady (telephoning): "Is this the insurance office?"

Insurance Manager: "Yes."

Lady: "Oh, come out quick! I want some insurance. My house is on fire."

GLEANER'S GLOSS

By Father Jo

Bill and Nancy walked hurriedly down the wind swept boulevard. Cool gusts of wind made Bill pull his chin further into his turned up collar. Nancy heroically tried to keep up with him, and occasionally daubed at a pink nose with a hankierchief mysteriously extracted from nowhere.

"So they call this Indian Summer?" — Bill observed ironically.

"Was that a question or a piece of information?" parried Nancy, then promptly decide for herself, — "besides we're almost there now, and are we late!"

Bill and Nancy were good friends. They had met at the University and immediately found each other interesting. Bill was taking his third year in mining engineering when Nancy was working for her Junior Diploma in the Faculty of Education. Yet, they seemed to find something in common.

She admired his athletic skill, for Bill had won his gold pin in the long distance swim meet and his mastery of the foils had made him a formidable threat at the fencing club. But best of all she liked his charming frankness and the almost boyish simplicity with which he faced the everyday problems of life.

For his part, he enjoyed the way she listened to him talk, and her startling gift for repartee which often turned the table upon his attitude toward life intrigued him. Even now as he slyly looked at his companion, he realized there was more in that pretty unassuming head than the uninitiated could foresee. Both were good Catholics. When the long weeks of gruelling study would allow it, they enjoyed a rare date together. This was one of them.

When coffee was served by Taras' lovely mother, most of the gathering left their canasta tables, and plunged generously into the mountains of sandwiches. Taras was leaving for the East tomorrow morning where he was to intern in a large hospital. This was a choice group of Taras' closest friends who came to spend a last happy evening with him before bidding him a temporary farewell.

Bill noticed that Father Mark has relaxed in a big arm chair with a cigarette and a cup of coffee. Little wisps of grey at the temples indicated that Father Mark's youthful figure belied his years. At the moment he seemed to be the target of a barrage of questions. They were hurled at him so "thick and fast" that Father Mark was forced to wait for a lull in the lively tempo.

"But, just why can't we dance on Friday?" pleaded Pearl who was a nurse at St. Martin's. The day happened to be a Tuesday, but one question led to another,

finally veered to dancing, and then Pearl.

For a moment Father Mark felt as if he was responsible for the "dancing taboo" on Fridays. Hastily reassuring himself that he had nothing to do with it all said. "Actually in itself there is nothing wrong with dancing in Fridays. We of the Eastern rite have a strict obligation not to dance on Fridays, but on occasion for a good reason this precept of the church may be lifted by the parish priests for individuals, or in the case of a group by the Bishop".

Pearl who was all ears leaned back against the piano and looked serious.

"In the Latin rite," continued Father Mark, "some countries or parts of certain countries tolerate the practice of dancing on Fridays, while other sections of the world as in Quebec keep to the stricter ruling. In Western Ukraine where most of our parents come from, the tradition and custom of observing 'lanceless' Friday has been so deeply ingrained in our blood that even today we of the second and third generation look with horror upon dancing on Friday as a common thing. "No dancing" on Friday is not a commandment of God. It is a precept of the Church, and we must trust her to be wise enough in her directions for us particularly".

A haze of blue smoke drifted through the room. In keeping with the cold outside, someone had put on a record of Bing Crosby's White Christmas, then stopped it when played half way through, and drew closer to the group gathered around Father Mark. Ivan who was hunched up on a footstool broke out.

"But why did the Church choose Friday. Why did not she choose Tuesday or Thursday? Why did she choose to do such a thing at all?"

Nancy who was perched on the arm of a plush chair rose to the occasion.

"I think the Church chose Friday because Christ died on the cross for us on Friday, and I think she choose to prohibit dancing on this day because we do the very same thing ourselves. Don't you remember how Steve and Mary gave up dancing for a year after their father died? They wished to show their respect and love for their father by giving up this pleasure for a year. In the same way we show our love for Our Lord by foregoing dancing on the day He died".

Father Mark who had almost been forgotten in this eager "give and take" raised an appreciative eyebrow. This young lady was proving to be very capable indeed. The

youngsters had just about settled the problem for themselves. There was only one more thing to say, and it was Bill who gave him the opening he was waiting for.

"Then it all adds up to a matter of sentimentality. I don't think its such a bad idea, but I do think there's too much sentimentality attached to our religion as a whole. Wasn't Christ a sentimentalist?"

The question was almost a challenge. Father Mark felt the very air was tingled with a subdued excitement. He had both of his pistols cocked for some while, and now was the time to pull the hammers home.

"If you mean we are sentimental about Fridays, yes, but Christ was no sentimentalist. Christ was hard as nails. It was He who hurled the labels "you hypocrites", "you whitened sepulchres" right into the teeth of the posing goody-goody pharisees, who even then were planning to kill Him, and He didn't accuse them when alone with his disciples, but openly in the broad daylight and in the presence of multitudes.

"It was Christ who probably first originated the expression, "He can take it!" when his disciples questioned him on the difficulties of remaining virgin. Christ closed the issue flatly by saying, "He that can take, let him take it".

When Christ walked the earth, He did not preach a soft, yielding, or accomodating religion. He preached penance. His very words were, "Do penance or perish!"

Father Mark stopped for a moment to stub out his cigarette which had begun to pinch his fingers. Bil suddenly realized that he had been listening so intensely that the knuckles of his clenched first had turned white. Smiling at himself, he sank restfully into his cushions and waited for the rest.

"These are frightening words when we let their full import sink into our minds. How little the world is ready to comply with the penance Christ demands we can see for ourselves. The world has deaf ears to anything which rules against its sensuous nature. Even those that are willing soon forget. It is here that Mother Church is so wise. She cannot let her sons perish, so she steps in and makes us do penance once a year for forty days during Lent, and asks us to abstain from meat and dancing on Fridays".

Late in the evening when Bill had finally shaken hands for the last time with Taras on the front porch steps, he stepped into the chilly night air where Nancy was already shivering and waiting for him. They trugged to the nearest lit lamp-post while Bill's blue fingers tried to work out the bus fare wedged in his wallet. Finally he broke the silence.

"You know Nancy, I think I'm going to see more of Father Mark".

"Ditto!" was Nancy's one word answer, proving once again that a man could never win an argument alj by himself.

УВАГА!

УВАГА!

РАВНД ГИЛ І ОКОЛИЦІ, ДЕЙЗЛЕНД, КОПЕРНІК, ГОЛДЕН І ГЕЙ ЛЕЙК

Оцим подаємо до відома, що в днях від 19 до 21 листопада відбудуться

Тридневні Реколекції для Молоді в РАВНД ГИЛ, АЛБЕРТА

Реколекційні науки кожного дня вечером о годині 7:30 голоситиме Впр.
о. С. Курило ЧСВВ, Духовний Провідник У.К.Ю. Західного Екзархату.

21-го рано, Спільне св. Причастя і снідання

Вся молодь з Равнд Гил, Дейзленд, Голден, Копернік і Гей Лейк повинна обовязково взяти масову участь в реколекціях.

AL 10199
Danilak Mar
HOLDEN, Alta

Weather report: "Partly cloudy and cool today, preceded by some rain, possibly mixed with sleep this morning".

* * * *

Teacher: "How can you possibly do so many stupid things in one day?"

Pupil: "I get up early."

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